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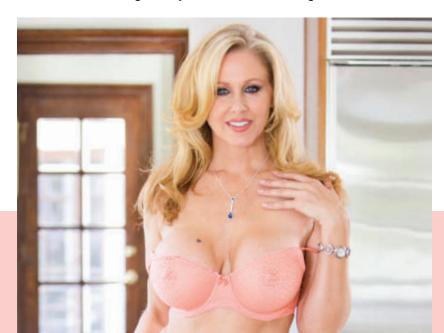
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cheeks, two tight pussies, and two double-headed dildos to play with. They'll roll around from one side of the bed to the other just to be sure they work properly.





























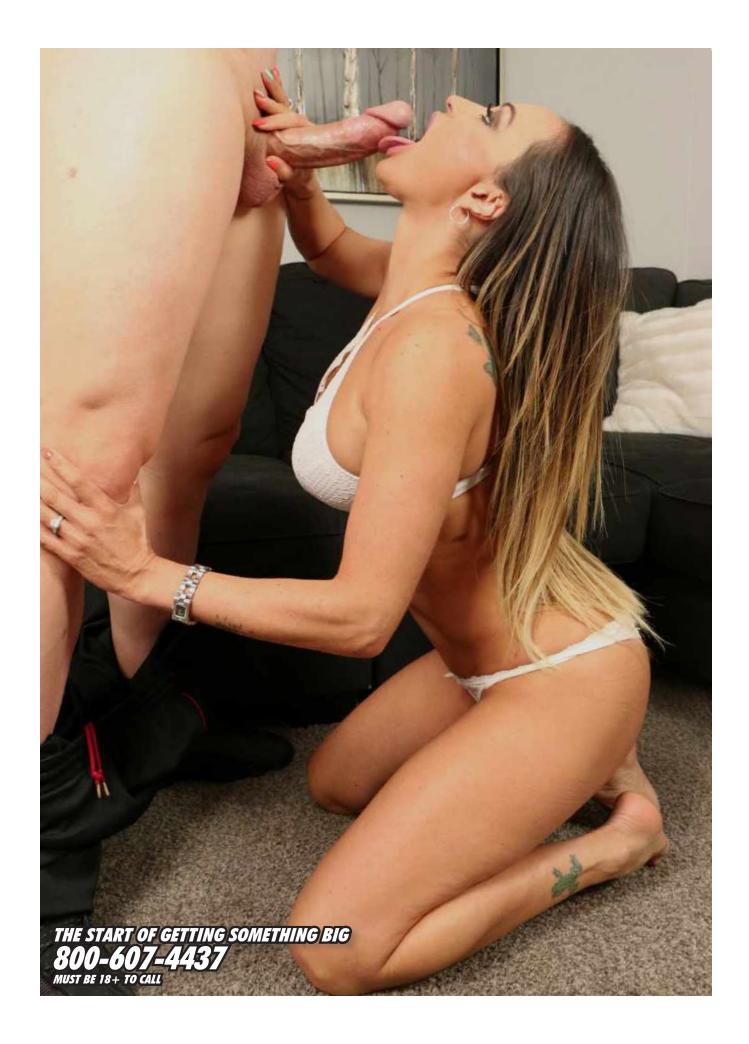
















































BALL BUSTING

It took very little coaxing to get big league ballplayer Sid Magill into my bedroom. The homerun hero had shown up at my house expecting to be fed, but I had offered something far better, something befitting a man of his considerable talents.

I was fortunate enough to have been in the stands two days prior when he had broken the single season homerun record. Actually, "fortunate" is a bit of an understatement; try "insanely lucky" as I had managed to do a hell of a lot more than just witness the pivotal moment. I had actually caught the homerun ball from my seat in the center field bleachers, exiting the stadium with the souvenir of a lifetime!

Ladies Night at the ballpark had catapulted me into the spotlight; my lucky catch was broadcasted on the local and national news repeatedly, much to the chagrin of my girlfriends who had tried, and failed, to snag the prize ball.

Magill had contacted me through his agent the very next day. Tracking me had been a cinch, thanks in no small part to my posing with the ball on social media.

"Mr. Magill wishes to add the ball to his personal collection of baseball memorabilia. I'm sure you understand, Ms. Collins. This is a major milestone in his career," the agent had said to me over the phone. Then, before I could respond, he had sweetened the proverbial pot. "You will be compensated, of course. Mr. Magill is prepared to offer what we believe to be a fair price . . ."

The quote was generous, for sure. But knowing that I held the upper hand, I had negotiated for a little something extra—the

once in a lifetime opportunity to have lunch with a high profile professional athlete. The agent had tried to persuade me to meet his client at a restaurant, but I had insisted on playing hostess. Still, food was the last thing on my mind when Magill had wheeled into my driveway in his sleek sports car. In fact,

I hadn't even bothered to cook. Lunch had never been part of the plan.

Now, having made my true intentions known, I led a pleasantly surprised Magill to my bed. The ball was on the nightstand beside my alarm clock. His eyes lit up when he saw it. He reached for the prize, but I beat him to it, snatching the thing just in time.

"Not yet," I teased him, tossing the ball up and down in my hand.

"You like to taunt me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. It's so much fun."

"Fun, huh? Yeah, well, I've got some fun right here."

Magill unzipped his trousers and whipped it out. His was a magnificent prick, thick and long. Having returned the ball to its perch beside the lamp, I opened the nightstand drawer and retrieved a bottle of lube. I squirted a liberal amount in my palm. Then I grasped him, stroking nice and easy, nice and slow, getting wetter and wetter as his rod stiffened.

The sexy slugger swung a mean bat, yeah. But I was far more interested in his skills in the sack. Would he be worth my forfeiture of the coveted ball? Time to find out, I rea40+ #26

40+: I'm meeting one of, if not, my favorite MILFs in a cute restaurant on



Ventura Boulevard in Studio City, California. (That's in the 'Valley')

Diamond: Am I on time? This LA traffic sucks big time.

40+: You're acually three minutes early, but who's counting. I'm glad to made it, and even more glad to meet you and have this chance to interview you.

soned, withdrawing my hand from his rigid manhood.

I slipped out of my dress and lay on the bed. A simple twist of my front closure bra freed my tits. Raising my legs, I peeled my panties and tossed them aside. Magill liked what he saw. He stood there, jerking his cock as I spread my legs and played with my pussy. "I'm so wet, baby. I can't wait to feel you inside me."

Magill was eager, too. But he didn't mount me missionary style. Rather, he grabbed my waist and flipped me over for some doggy action. I grunted when he pushed inside me. He thrust repeatedly, hammering my from behind with powerful plunges. His fingers dug into my hips, plying my flesh as he reamed me from the rear.

We went at it in this manner until he flipped me over yet again. I hiked my legs, opening my cunt in earnest. Magill entered me with a forceful heave. I gasped excitedly. Wrapping my legs around his pumping pelvis, I dug my fingernails into his muscular shoulders, scratching and clawing with mindless abandon.

I came first, shimmying beneath Magill as he continued to pound my pussy. When the ball player finally came he did so with a loud groan. His dick pulsed inside me, spasm after spasm filling me with hot cum.

"So," he said after we had recovered, "can I have my ball now?"

"Sure," I said. "After you cut me a check for the agreed upon amount."

"A check," he muttered, "and a ravenous fuck. Damn, lady, you are one serious ball buster."

I shot him a curious glance. "Look who's talking!"

- Louisa K., Boston, MA

QUIET SNOWS

I've always loved the winter, the chill air, the snows, the warmth of another person at your side. My favorite was a few years ago. My family has a cabin up in the mountains



that I have a tendency to haunt as the days get shorter and cooler. That particular week, I took it because my boyfriend of several years called everything off. I'll admit, it was a bitter and lonely time, and I needed to get away to the one place I'd always felt safe.

The snows were early that year, catching a lot of people off guard and leaving much of the mountain empty, which was all the better. For the first few days, I was able to get the quiet and relaxation I so desperately needed. On the third day, though, as I ventured out on my walk around the lake behind our cabin, the snows again started to fall. Lovely as they were, they brought more chill than I was hoping for, and I started to make my way back.

That was when I met Geoff, a young woodsman and groundskeeper who had apparently been hired on by the community to take care of the forests.

When he saw me, he called out, surprised to find another living soul up here this weekend. Seeing as how he was working out there alone, I invited him up for something warm to drink and to allow the snows to pass.

Once inside, I lit the fire and set up a large camping blanket on the floor, with two steaming mugs of cocoa on the small table next to us as we warmed up. It didn't take long for the fire to do its job and we were both quickly stripping out of our outer layers. That was when I really noticed Geoff for the first time. Young, yes, but strong.

He was thick and well built, with what

Diamond: (reading the menu) I've eaten here before. Their food is very good, and a lot of it, too. (to the waiter) I'll have the avocado toast please.

40+: That sounds yummy. Now may I ask about something else, yummy – your pussy?

Diamond: (chuckles) How do you know? You've never been there, have you?

40+: (I laugh) No, never been there, but your photos and videos make it look that way. But what I really want to ask you about is your piercing down there.

Diamond: Sure, I've had it for several years now. It has really enhanced my personal life as well my performing. must have been his first real beard showing that he'd been out in the woods for at least a season. His arms were massive, like the trunks of the trees he had to wrestle with. Yet, he was also incredibly shy and polite. I moved closer to him, and he looked away, uncertain about what to do. I turned his face towards mine and suddenly found my lips meeting his.

And the woodsman came out. Whether or not he was putting on an act before, Geoff suddenly had his arms wrapped around me and was gently lowering me back onto the blanket. His eyes seemed to shake, but his arms and body were sturdy and stable as he slowly removed my clothes. My dark auburn hair flowed back behind me, and my long neck strained to give him the room he needed to gently kiss around my collarbone and down toward my perky boobs.

Minute by minute, he took his time, gruff beard tracing over my flesh as he seemed intent on kissing every part of me he could find. He lingered especially on my nipples, showing them the love and attention that I never felt before. And always, always he kept his eyes on me, watching for signs and clues from how my body curved and reacted to his touch.

Soon, he had me naked on the blanket, the firelight reflecting off my smooth, tanned flesh that moved always towards his touch. He was addictive, just his fingertips, lips and tongue were already sending me over the edge, and I had no idea how I was going to handle him unsheathed.

He made me wait for that moment, intent on treating me to the simplest pleasure and delaying his own until I finally started to take off his clothes for him. Much like when I first kissed him, this seemed to be a signal, that my desires had granted him permission.

He removed his shirt first, revealing a young nest across his well sculpted and fit chest, before moving toward his pants. I pulled him closer as he moved, his look now one of almost wicked enjoyment at seeing me almost beg for him.



When I finally released his monster, it was staring me in the face. I started licking and teasing the head while my fingertips ran along the length of the shaft, almost instantly sending his back into an arch as I worshiped his toy, letting him leave it in my hands for as long as he wished.

I wet him down, both shaft and balls, never losing contact with his pleasure rod, and even when he slid down my body, he never lifted it off of me, sending a wave of pleasure through me as he slid it between my boobs and down towards my crotch.

He took his time inside me, never wavering, keeping a constant pace, but enjoying the moment instead of succumbing to it. How many times he let loose in me, I lost count. He stayed with me in our cabin for the rest of the week, taking every position and place we could, from the bed to the table to the hot tub, but our favorite was always in front of the fire, where this young man first took me and showed me the real meaning of being cared for henomenon."

I thought it over. "Sure," I said, "go ahead and write your article. Just don't mention my name. Last thing I need is a bunch of nosy reporters snooping around my apartment."

"Deal," she said.

Her article was published six months later. As for me; well, I decided to write something about the couch as well—a letter for a sex magazine.

Hope you enjoyed it!

Lisa J., Sacramento, CA

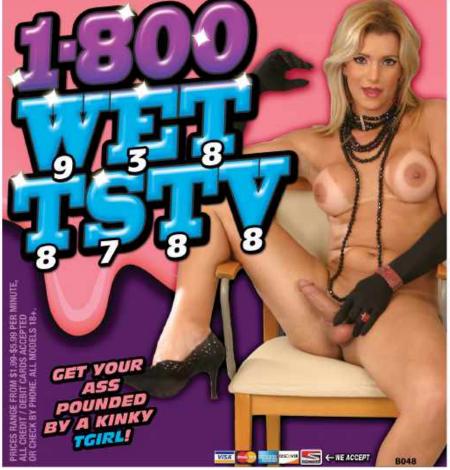
40+: Care to elaborate? Why the barbell and not a single? Is it hard on your clit? (no pun!)

Diamond: Oh, why not... I like the way a barbell looks. and it doesn't poke when it's rubbed or played with like a single does. A few times, when a girl was licking me, her hair got caught up in it, the pain was a bit much, but it went away quickly. I love the way it feels and looks, so what's a little pain?

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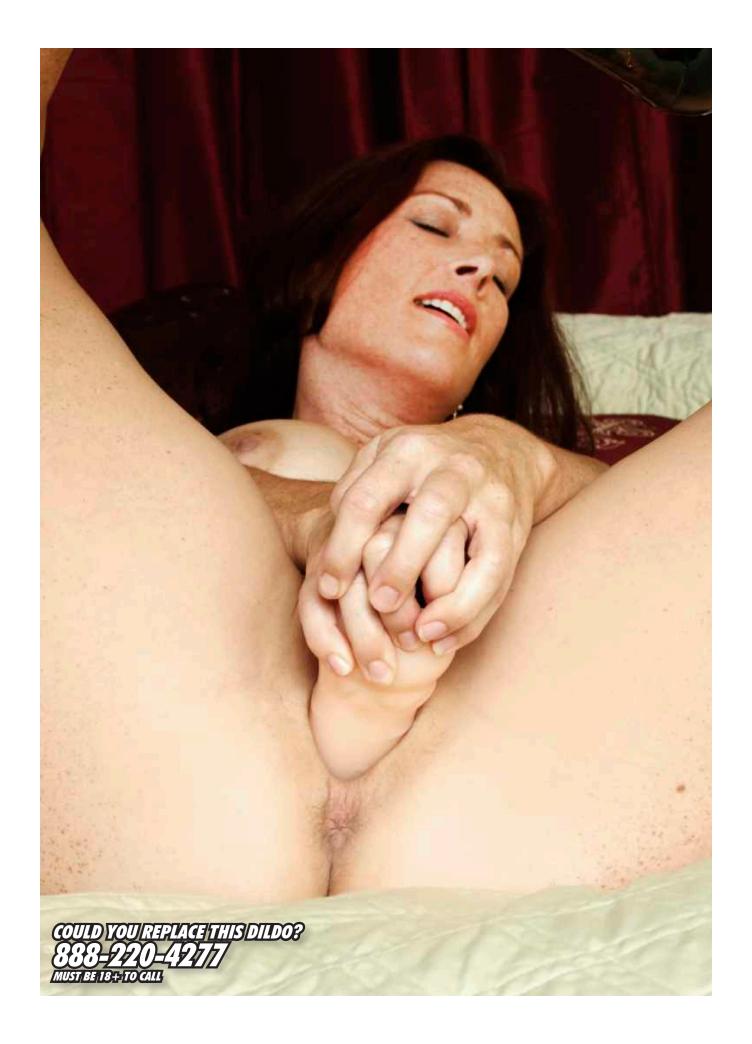
For such a fine and delectable MILF, Jennifer doesn't find herself alone very much. But today she wants a little me time, away from the obligations of other people. Thankfully, she has fresh batteries in her trusty vibrator! It demands nothing but to satisfy her.























































































inserted the spare key, unlocked the door, and entered Dr. Emily Swanson's townhouse. I had seen it all before; every day this week, in fact. Still, the stunning interior never failed to amaze me. The perks, I mused, of being a tenured professor of Lesbian Feminism Studies at a top university.

Envious and more than a little jealous, I vowed to double my scholarly efforts, determined to complete my PhD program at the top of the class.

A graduate student on a full-scholarship, I had the good fortune of serving as Swanson's assistant. Mine was a most coveted position. I was lucky to have landed the gig. The brilliant professor had chosen me from a pool of highly qualified applicants; all classmates of mine who would've killed to be in my shoes.

Now, brandishing a leash, I let Scamp out of his crate. Swanson's beloved Jack Russell Terrier dashed from the confining space, running haphazard circles about the place. Scamp was always happy to see me. The feeling was mutual.

"Settle down, Scamp. It's time for your morning walk."

It took some doing, but I was finally able to attach the leash to Scamp's collar. We embarked on our standard walk around the block. When we returned I fed Scamp and refreshed his water bowl. He made short work of breakfast, devouring his expensive dry food in record time. "You were a hungry boy," I told him. Then I returned Scamp to his crate, telling him not to fret as his mother would be returning later that afternoon.

Swanson was out of town all week attending

a conference on the West Coast. This was my last morning to care for Scamp. It was also the last time that I would be able to do something else.

I entered the professor's bedroom, sat on the edge of her bed, and opened the nightstand drawer. Swanson's dildo was top-of-the-line, a pricey glass blown variety which sold for damned near fifty bucks. Again, I was jealous of her high standard of living, relishing the day when I, too, would be able to afford the best of everything.

Turned on by the mere sight of the toy—as well as the way it felt in my hand—I proceeded with the ritual, a bittersweet experience as today would be the final episode in what had been a fantastic run of masturbatory mischief.

Having discarded my clothes, I lay supine on the bed and spread my legs, moving the toy's bulbous head against my wet crevice. Aptly teased, my pulse quickening by the second, I plunged the phallus inside me, filling my cunt with its formidable girth and length. It wasn't long before I had achieved a rhythmic stroking motion, pumping the dildo with one hand; this while using the other to caress my tits.

The forbidden nature of what I was doing added greatly to my excitement. Here I was, a lowly graduate student, sprawled on my professor's bed and getting off with her dildo! If my classmates could see me now! As for Swanson—well, what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her. She was paying me for taking care of Scamp, sure; but I felt deserving of this extra bit of compensation.

I withdrew the dildo from my pussy and rubbed it against my clit. The nimble fingers of my other hand worked overtime, rubbing and Envious and more than a little jeal-ous, I vowed to double my scholarly efforts, determined to complete my PhD program at the top of the class.













twisting my turgid nipples. I was getting close. It wouldn't be long before...

The slamming of a car door put the kibosh on

The slamming of a car door put the kibosh on my climax. "What the hell!?" I sat up and peered through the bedroom window. A yellow taxicab had pulled to the curb in front of the townhouse. The driver, burdened with Swanson's bags, followed the professor from his cab to the front steps.

"Shit!"

Seized with panic, I tossed the dildo in the nightstand drawer and scrambled for my clothes. My movements were frantic and uncoordinated. I lost my balance stepping into my panties and fell flat on my ass, a major screw up costing me precious seconds. I heard the opening of the front door, heard Scamp bark with jubilation, heard Swanson's voice as she addressed the taxi driver—

"Oh, I thought I had some cash in my purse. There should be some in the bedroom. Sit tight; I'll be right back."

Scamp's barking became louder and louder, mocking me as I rounded up my clothes and made a mad dash for the bedroom closet. I slid the door shut just in time. I heard Swanson open a drawer. The nightstand? I didn't recall seeing any cash secreted in there with the dildo. Of course I hadn't been looking for any either.

My professor's footsteps reverberated atop the hardwood floor as she retuned to the front room. "There you go," she said to the driver.

"Thanks a lot. It was nice meeting you."

"Likewise," Swanson replied.

Things quieted between the two of them. I waited for the taxi driver to leave, waited for the opening and closing of the front door, wait-

ed and waited some more. Once again Scamp started barking up a storm. Swanson told the pooch to quiet down. Scamp complied. I didn't hear a peep from the little fellow, enabling me to tune in to the front room—

"Surely you could take a short break."

"I don't know, time is money, you know."

"I'll make it worth your while."

"Well — um — what exactly did you have in mind?"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing! Were my ears deceiving me? Or was my professor trying to seduce the taxi driver? It certainly sounded like the latter. And here I had always thought Swanson a diehard carpet muncher!

Sequestered inside the dark space with my professor's fashionable wardrobe, still clutching my clothes, I heard them enter the bedroom; then the telltale sounds of clothing being removed with much haste. Unable able to resist, I slid the closet door open a fraction of an inch and proceeded to watch the action.

I observed with astonishment as the taxi driver lay on the bed, propping a pillow behind his head so that he could observe the professor at work. She joined him atop the plush comforter, pushing auburn bangs out of her face as she leaned over his midsection. Holding the base of his thick member, she brushed his shaft with her tongue, varnishing him from balls to flared cap.

"That's it," the cabby exhorted. "Just like that."

It wasn't long before she was blowing him in earnest, moving her head up and down like a plunger. The sloppiness of the whole scene turned me on, the way Swanson slobbered and slurped and moaned around the taxi driver's mammoth tool. You couldn't fake that. No doubt about it, my professor loved man meat.

As for me—well, I was pretty much the same. Cock.

Cunt.

I liked them both; the difference being that I wore my stripes for all to see. I thought about Swanson's public persona, the carefully constructed mask she wore as



*My move*ments were frantic and uncoordinated. I lost my balance stepping into my panties and fell flat on my ass, a major screw up costing me precious seconds. I heard the opening of the front

door,







a highly regarded professor—the books she had written, the lectures she had delivered, the countless classes she had taught; each and every one a celebration of her extreme lesbian feminist ethos. Hell, her personal vehicle was adorned with a vagetarian pride bumper sticker! But it was—in part, at least—a sham; because there was another side to Dr. Emily Swanson, a side she kept concealed from the progressive campus community, a side that she was currently indulging with rabid hunger.

The cock gobbling had been a mere preamble. The taxi driver was primed.

Swanson wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and impaled him reverse-cowgirl style. She moved her hips languidly, riding him nice and easy. This new position afforded me a perfect view. With her back to the headboard, Swanson faced the closet, her tits on full display; my lusty gaze oscillated between those spectacular jugs and the impressive cock between her legs.

I wasn't concerned about my professor spotting me through the narrow opening. She was in another world, her face twisted with ecstasy, her head turning this way and that as she rode the driver with increasing speed. It wasn't long before she had achieved a rapid pogo-motion; she lifted her pelvis, then slammed it down, again and again, all to the sound of flesh slapping flesh.

Of course my pussy responded; now I was actually thankful to be naked, relieved that I didn't have to waste time removing any clothing. On my knees, my face pressed to the slender opening, I rubbed my cunt frenziedly. Again, I wasn't concerned about the noise that I made. Swanson and the driver were making plenty to mask the squish-squish-squish sounds of my fingers frigging my wet gash.

Swanson announced her forthcoming orgasm, prompting the driver to grab her hips and thrust up into her snatch. He did this with shocking speed and power, meeting her plunging pussy with piston-like jabs.

This is when the idea struck, the idea to take full advantage of the situation. Eyeing my shorts on the closet floor, I plucked my smart phone from the back pocket and proceeded to record the torrid tableaux. I managed to get almost thirty seconds of Swanson riding the driver.

Having secured the footage, I returned my device to the pocket of my shorts and resumed my masturbatory mission, rubbing myself faster and faster as the professor dismounted and finished the cabby with her hand. He blew a geyser of cum. Swanson cleaned his cock with her mouth.

The sight of the esteemed professor swallowing his load sent me over the edge. Rocked by an



explosive climax, I used my free hand to cover my mouth, stifling a gasp which would have surely betrayed my presence.

I waited patiently as the driver got dressed and bid Swanson adieu. No doubt she would go down as the best fare of his career. I imagined him telling his fellow cabbies all about the horny professor who gave him the tip of a lifetime.

Half expecting Swanson to open the closet door, I listened with increasing alarm as she freed Scamp from his crate. Would he start sniffing around and lead his mother to my hidey hole? Luckily this didn't happen. I was most relieved when the professor turned on the shower. I waited a minute or two for her to get undressed and thoroughly lathered with soap; then I made my move, emerging from the closet with clothes in hand. I got dressed and made a beeline for the front door.

His tail wagging, Scamp looked at me curiously but didn't bark. I scratched his cute little head and left through the front door.

Walking back to my flat, I breathed a sigh of relief, shaking my head in dismay at the morning's events. You think you know a person, think you have them all figured out, then they go and throw you a serious curve ball.

I had no intention of showing the footage to anybody. It was for my eyes only. Swanson's secret was safe; unless she declined to write me a glowing letter of recommendation for my first teaching job. I didn't expect this to happen; we got along swimmingly, the professor and her young charge, but you never know.

People do the damndest things.

And a little insurance was good for my peace of mind.

The sight of the esteemed professor swallowing his load sent me over the edge. Rocked by an explosive climax, tI used my free hand to cover my mouth, stifling a gasp which would have surely betrayed my presence.

































Ayla is absolutely stunning when she has her clothes on, but nude, she is beyond compare. As she settles in the shallows, warm tits soak in the sun while her plush cheeks cool off in the water. You'll have to imagine how she feels draped across you, servicing your every desire.

















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Jamie hasn't been taking piano lessons long, but it's pretty clear that isn't where her talents lie. After working up the courage, her teacher Tanya asks how 'active' she is. "Not very." she says. Looks like the more important lesson is about to begin.































































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